

1850 CANTERBURY CENTENARY 1950

CHRISTCHURCH HARMONIC SOCIETY



NEW ZEALAND BROADCASTING SERVICE
NATIONAL ORCHESTRA
PROGRAMME

Saturday, 10th March 1951



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THE MUSIC COMMITTEE OF THE
CANTERBURY CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION
AND THE NEW ZEALAND BROADCASTING SERVICE

present

THE CHRISTCHURCH HARMONIC SOCIETY

and the

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA

Conducted by MICHAEL BOWLES

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Words by Cardinal Newman

Music by Sir Edward Elgar



Saturday, 10th March 1951

KING EDWARD BARRACKS CHRISTCHURCH



A Message from the Prime Minister

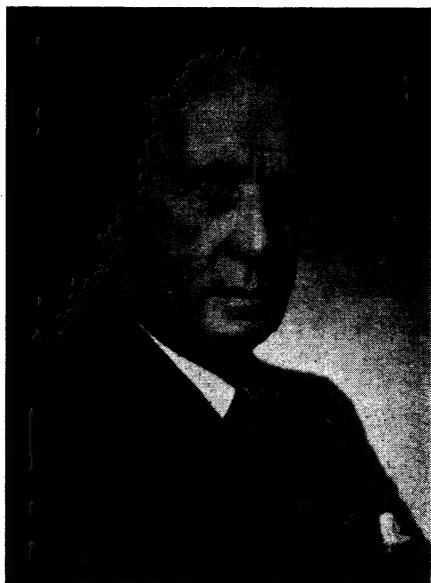
THE Community Music Festival should be one of the most inspiring and, I hope, best patronised of the Canterbury Centennial occasions. I hasten to give it my best wishes and to congratulate all those responsible for making the programme so attractive. Five great festival programmes, comprising work from six choral societies, speaks for itself as to the wealth of musical talent and the health of musical organisation in the Canterbury Province.

Musical prospects have never been better than now and I trust that the Government's decision to award bursaries for study overseas will have beneficial effects.

I would like to take this opportunity of paying my personal tribute particularly to those whose efforts of organisation and instruction have made this Festival possible. Training, I know, must have been long, arduous and meticulous for such an occasion and to the performers I send my best wishes and congratulations. It is from occasions such as these planned for the Centennial that musical taste will be satisfied and memory of success of this occasion should sharpen it for those of the future.

S. G. HOLLAND,
Prime Minister.

From the Minister in Charge of Broadcasting



The Hon. F. W. Doidge

I AM delighted to contribute this message to the printed programme for the Choral Festival, which takes a notable place in the celebration of Canterbury's Centennial.

It is not merely a notable place but a highly appropriate one. Canterbury has always cultivated the art of music diligently and successfully, and choral music in particular with outstanding success. It would be a very deficient history of the Province and of Christchurch centrally that contained no mention, or only casual mention, for example, of the long and shining record of the Christchurch Cathedral Choir. Secular choirs like the Royal Christchurch Musical Society and the Liedertafel have their long tradition, too; and if the vitality of choral music in Christchurch is evidenced in them it is equally evident in the growth of younger choirs, like the Harmonic Society and the Liederkränzchen, which flourish beside them.

In the programme of this festival, all these and others figure. There are the massed choirs in what should be a most impressive performance of Handel's "Messiah," and the programme to be presented by the great choir drawn from the secondary schools. I have observed with the liveliest interest the advance of music, especially of choral music, in our schools; and here, perhaps, the festival will look most confidently forward from the musical achievement of past and present to the promise of the future.

A notable occasion I have called it and one appropriately designed. I am sure it will be memorably enjoyable. On behalf of the Government and of the Broadcasting Service, which is most happy to have the National Orchestra participating, as well as to have assisted in other ways, I wish the Centennial Music Committee the fullest success of its well-matured plans, and the festival audiences the fullest enjoyment of their fruits.

F. W. DOIDGE,

Minister in Charge of Broadcasting.

It is fitting that Musical Festivals should play a prominent part in the Celebration of the Centenary of the Province.

The highly successful Town and Country Musical Festival is still fresh in our minds and I am confident that this Community Music Festival will be equally successful.

The Civic Music Council which has organised these two Festivals on behalf of the Centennial Organisation has done much to further the appreciation of music in our City.

As a Community, we are greatly indebted to the several choirs and Musical Societies who render such splendid service.

I sincerely thank all those taking part in the Festival and trust that the Citizens will take advantage of hearing music and singing of a high standard.

R. M. MACFARLANE, MAYOR.

*President Canterbury Centennial
Association*



The Centennial Celebrations carried out in a thorough going fashion have been marked by a high standard of excellence.

All sections and interests of the community have been widely catered for. Music in its various forms has played its part, but the major musical event is undoubtedly the present Festival which has been conceived on a bold scale, and has been made possible by the willing co-operation of many individuals and musical organisations, working under the direction of the Centennial Music Committee.

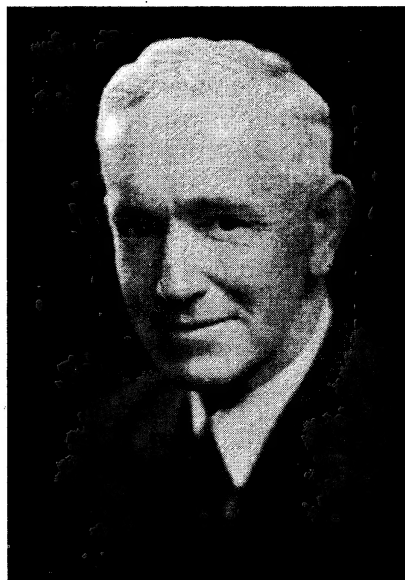
The assistance given by the National Broadcasting Corporation and the participation of the National Orchestra for the whole period of the Festival will contribute greatly to its success.

That a Festival of such high calibre has been possible is eloquent indication of the virility and the quality of the Christchurch musical organisations taking part. It is fair to say that these organisations have their roots in, and derive their inspiration, from the musical tradition which has been handed on to this generation by the Founders of the Province.

It is therefore fitting that there should be this music making expressive as it is of joy, gratitude, and hope in the future.

J. L. HAY, CHAIRMAN,

*Music Committee of the
Centennial Association*





MICHAEL BOWLES

The National Orchestra

Conducted by : MICHAEL BOWLES

Leader : VINCENT ASPEY

Adams, G.	Garry, B.	O'Connor, T.
Andrews, E. J.	Gerasimuck, V. I.	Ostova, G.
Aspey, V.	Girvan, E.	Owers, R.
Bamford, G.	Girvan, R.	Phillips, J.
Barsby, J. W.	Glen, J.	Rosner, F.
Blake, M.	Glen, P.	Schorss, E.
Bonny, E.	Gunn, S.	Sealy, G.
Booth, G.	Harvie, E. J.	Sicely, M.
Booth, N. E.	Hopkinson, J.	Svttonn, R.
Billing, B.	Hopkinson, M.	O'Carroll, M.
Butcher, N.	Kallhagen, K.	Springfield, J.
Brinsden, R.	Lavin, D.	Stead, N.
Connors, M.	Lavin, E.	Tanner, C.
De Ruiter	Lawson, E.	Taylor, H.
Edridge, J.	McConachy, R.	Tibbles, J.
Engel, E. C.	McNeilly, J.	Wallace, E.
Engel, H. C.	Meier, F.	Watters, P.
English, G. A.	Munro, A.	Wilson, B.
Fedoroff, I.	Murray, H.	Wilson, K. A.
Galambos, C.	Negus, J.	Wintle, P.
Garland, N.	Nickalls, P.	Wright, M.

Concert Manager : R. P. GIBSON

Travelling Manager : P. G. PARKER

Librarian : H. C. ENGEL

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(Founded 1927)

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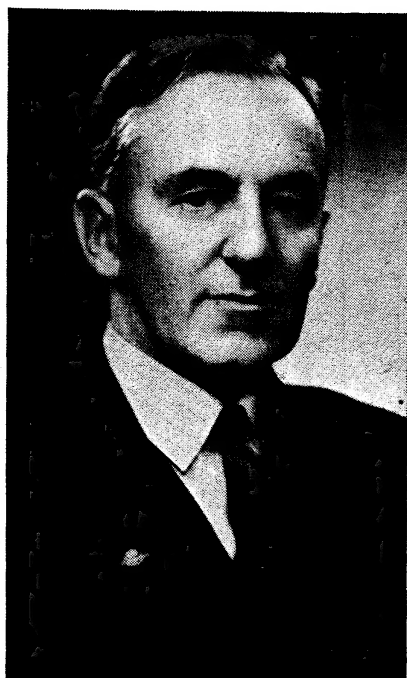
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Programme

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Opus 38 (Elgar)

PRINCIPALS

Angel	PHYLLIS MANDER
Gerontius	THOMAS E. WEST
Priest	STEWART HARVEY

THE CHRISTCHURCH HARMONIC SOCIETY

and the

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA

Conductor :

MICHAEL BOWLES

Leader of the Orchestra Vincent Aspey

IT WAS FATHER KNIGHT, S.J. (the priest at Worcester) who gave Elgar a copy of Cardinal Newman's poem on his wedding day, 8th May, 1889, suggesting that he should set it to music, and offering to go through it with him to decide which passages to omit as the poem was too lengthy as it stood.

For eleven years the idea lay fallow in Elgar's mind, and then a letter asking permission to set the poem for the Birmingham Festival in October, 1900, was sent to Father William Neville, Cardinal Newman's executor.

In the early months of the year Elgar set to work seriously upon the oratorio—by many considered as his masterpiece—writing the most of it at his country cottage, "Birchwood"; the score was completed by 6th June, published immediately by Novello's, and the premiere of the work, conducted by Hans Richter, took place at the Birmingham Festival on 3rd October. The soloists on this occasion were Edward Lloyd as Gerontius, Plunket Greene as the Priest, and Marie Brema as the Angel.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS was far ahead of its time in idiom and conception and still holds its place to-day as one of the greatest works of its kind in English music.

—Bessie Pollard.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

by Cardinal Newman

PART I

GERONTIUS :

Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness of my
brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee!)
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends, a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray.

ASSISTANTS :

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.
Holy Mary, pray for him.
All holy Angels, pray for him.
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.
All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
All holy Innocents, pray for him.
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

GERONTIUS :

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the
man;
And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.
And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS :

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
From the sins that are past;

From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last;
From the nethermost fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For one and for ever.
Be Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall;
Be Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By Thy Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS :

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and Life and strength belong,
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And hold in veneration
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration aye be given
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,

Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Mortis in discrimine.
 I can no more; for now it comes again,
 That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
 That masterful negation and collapse
 Of all that makes me man.
 And, crueller still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
 The mansion of my soul. And worse and
 worse,
 Some bodily form of ill
 Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome
 curse
 Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and
 flaps
 Its hideous wings,
 And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
 O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary pray!
 Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee
 In Thine own agony.
 Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.
 Mary, pray for me.

ASSISTANTS :

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
 As of old so many by Thy gracious power;
 Noe from the waters in a saving home;
 (Amen.)
 Job from all his multiform and fell distress;
 (Amen.)
 Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
 (Amen.)
 David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;
 (Amen.)
 So, to show Thy power,
 Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

GERONTIUS :

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,
 The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy
 hands,
 O, Lord, into Thy hands.

THE PRIEST AND ASSISTANTS :

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc
 mundo!
 Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
 Go from this world! Go, in the Name of
 God
 The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!
 Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ our Lord,
 Son of the living God, who bled for thee!
 Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
 Hath been poured out for thee! Go, in the
 name

Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
 Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
 Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!
 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
 And of Apostles and Evangelists,
 Of Martyrs and Confessors, in the name
 Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name
 Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,
 Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;
 And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
 And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
 Of Sion; through the Same, through Christ
 our Lord.

P A R T I I

SOUL OF GERONTIUS :

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
 A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling
 pulse;
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.
 This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul;
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
 Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
 Another marvel: someone has me fast
 Within his ample palm; A uniform
 And gentle pressure tells me I am not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
 And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
 Oh what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL :

My work is done, My task is o'er,
 And so I come, Taking it home,
 For the crown is won, Alleluia,
 For evermore.
 My Father gave in charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth,
 To serve and save, Alleluia,
 And saved is he.
 This child of clay To me was given,
 To rear and train By sorrow and pain
 In the narrow way, Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL :

It is a member of that family
Of wondrous things, who, ere the worlds
were made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God.
I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL :

All hail, my child!
My child and brother, hail! what wouldst
thou?

SOUL :

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with
thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would
know
A maze of things were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness.

ANGEL :

You cannot now
Cherish a wish which ought not to be
wished.

SOUL :

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling
soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own
place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

ANGEL :

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge.

SOUL :

Dear Angel, say,
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.

ANGEL :

It is because then thou didst fear, that now
thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is passed.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun.

ANGEL :

A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy
lot.

That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

SOUL :

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.
But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make
me fear
Could I be frightened.

ANGEL :

We are now arrived
Close on the judgment-court; that sullen
howl
Is from the demons who assemble there.
Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hie to their cry.

SOUL :

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

DEMONS :

Low-born clods of brute earth,
They aspire to become gods,
By a new birth, And an extra grace,
And a score of merits, As of aught
Could stand in place Of the high thought
And the glance of fire Of the great spirits,
The powers blest, The lords by right,
The primal owners, Of the proud dwelling
And realm of light,
Dispossessed, Aside thrust, Chucked down,
By the sheer might Of a despot's will,
Of a tyrant's frown, Who after expelling
Their hosts, gave,
Triumphant still, And still unjust,
Each forfeit crown To psalm-droners,
And canting groaners, To every slave,
And pious cheat, And crawling knave,
Who licked the dust Under his feet.

ANGEL :

It is the restless panting of their being;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their
bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS :

The mind bold And independent
The purpose free, So we are told,
Must not think to have the ascendant.
What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint before his death;

A bundle of bones, Which fools adore, Ha!
 Ha!
 When life is o'er,
 Virtue and vice, A knave's pretence.
 'Tis all the same; Ha! ha!
 Dread of hell-fire,
 Of the venomous flame,
 A coward's plea,
 Give him his price,
 Saint though he be, Ha! ha!
 From shrewd good sense He'll slave for hire;
 Ha! ha! And does but aspire
 To the heaven above With sordid aim,
 And not from love. Ha! ha!

SOUL :

I see not those false spirits; shall I see
 My dearest Master, When I reach His
 throne?

ANGEL :

Yes, for one moment thou shalt see thy
 Lord.
 One moment; but thou knowest not, my
 child,
 What thou dost ask; that sight of the Most
 Fair
 Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee
 too.

SOUL :

Thou speakest darkly, Angel; and an ewe
 Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL :

There was a mortal, who is now above
 In the mid glory: He, when near to die,
 Was given communion with the Crucified,
 Such, that the Master's very wounds were
 stamped
 Upon his flesh; and, from the agony
 Which thrilled through body and soul in
 that embrace,
 Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
 Doth burn ere it transform.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS :

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise:

ANGEL :

Hark to those sounds!
 They come of tender beings angelical,

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS :

Least and most childlike of the sons of God.
 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise:

In all His words most wonderful;
 Most sure in all His ways!
 To us His elder race He gave
 To battle and to win,
 Without the chastisement of pain,
 Without the soil of sin.
 The younger son He willed to be
 A marvel in His birth:
 Spirit and flesh His parents were;
 His home was heaven and earth.
 The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
 And sent Him hence afar,
 To serve as champion in the field
 Of elemental war.
 To be His Viceroy in the world
 Of matter, and of sense;
 Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
 A resolute defence.

ANGEL :

We now have passed the gate, and are within
 The House of Judgment.

SOUL :

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
 The summer wind—among the lofty pines.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS :

Glory to Him, who evermore
 By truth and justice reigns;
 Who tears the soul from out its case,
 And burns away its stains!

ANGEL :

They sing of thy approaching agony,
 Which thou so eagerly didst question of.

SOUL :

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—
 But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:
 It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
 Of many waters.

ANGEL :

And now the threshold, as we traverse it.
 Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS :

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depths be praise:
 In all His words most wonderful;
 Most sure in all His ways!
 O loving wisdom of our God!
 When all was sin and shame,
 A second Adam to the fight
 And to the rescue came.
 O wisest love! that flesh and blood

Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail!
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine.
O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

ANGEL :

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL :

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL :

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time
He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with
blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY :

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell
on Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened
Thee;
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled
in Thee;
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled
Thee;
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled
Thee;
Jesu! by that innocence which girdled
Thee;
Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in
Thee;
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to
Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them
come to Thee,

To that glorious Home, where they shall
ever gaze on Thee.

SOUL :

I go before my Judge

VOICES ON EARTH :

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

ANGEL :

Praise to His Name!
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of
God.

SOUL :

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches
keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn,
There Will I sing, and soothe my stricken
breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, 'till
possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and
Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

SOULS IN PURGATORY :

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge:
In every generation;
Before the hills were born, and the world
was:
From age to age Thou art God.
Bring us not, Lord, very low; for Thou hast
said,
Come back again, ye sons of Adam.
Come back, O Lord! how long:
And be entreated for Thy servants.

ANGEL :

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll.
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold
thee.
And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,

Dost through the flood thy rapid passage
 take,
 Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.
 Angels to whom the willing task is given,
 Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou
 liest;
 And Masses on the earth, and prayers in
 heaven,
 Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most
 Highest.
 Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,

Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
 Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
 And I will come and wake thee on the
 morrow.

SOULS :

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge, etc. Amen.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS :

Praise to the Holiest, etc. Amen.

Members of the Choir

SOPRANOS :

Aiken, Miss J. L.
 Anderson, Miss Nan M.
 Andrews, Mrs E. K.
 Austin, Miss N.
 Anderson, Miss J.
 Black, Mrs A. T.
 Boag, Mrs W. H.
 Barton, Miss P.
 Borrie, Mrs J. C.
 Boyle, Miss R.
 Bradley, Miss J.
 Bruce, Miss R. M.
 Charters, Miss D. I.
 Colechin, Miss R.
 Cooper, Miss C.
 Crawford, Miss J.
 Cree, Miss C.
 Crombie, Miss L.
 Dennison, Miss P.
 Donaldson, Miss Helen
 Drayton, Mrs R. E.
 Fordyce, Miss N.
 Gibson, Miss K.
 Gough, Miss B.
 Graham, Miss D.
 Greenslade, Mrs N. F.
 Greenslade, Miss P.
 Greager, Mrs M.
 Greenway, Mrs I.
 Guthardt, Miss P.
 Griffin, Miss M.
 Haberfield, Miss D. M.

Hamlin, Miss I.
 Hands, Miss R.
 Harris, Mrs J. E.
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 Havill, Miss J.
 Hawker, Mrs F. R.
 Hawker, Miss L. S.
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 Lill, Miss N.
 Lilly, Miss A.
 Macdonald, Miss H.
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 Martin, Miss Dawn
 Masters, Miss T.
 McGeorge, Miss E.
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 Nicolle, Mrs H. L. C.
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 Norton, Miss O.
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Peppler, Miss V.
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 Scott, Miss P.
 Signal, Miss J.
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 Smith, Mrs R.
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 Weir, Miss M.
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 Whyte, Miss M.
 Wilson, Mrs E. M.
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 Wood, Miss E. H.

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 Billcliff, C. F.
 Blacklock, W. F.
 Brook, J. H.
 Chaplin, H.
 Christian, J. C.
 Cook, Clifton.
 Couch, A.
 Couch, G. B.
 Couch, W.
 Davey, W. E.
 Dodge, E. N.
 Hale, B. R.
 Hawke, Hedley
 James, C.
 Jones, F.
 Lane, C. D.
 Mathieson, G. R.
 Morrison, D. J.
 Martin, F. T.
 McCaffrey, Hugh

Newell, H.
 Newson, K.
 Parker, F. J.
 Shields, F.
 Street, R.
 Suckling, G. W.

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 Carman, A. C.
 Berry, W. F.
 Christian, F. H.
 Cooper, A. W.
 Dench, N. D.
 Dodge, G.
 Down, W. H.
 Fehsenfeld, W.
 Griffin, H.
 Harris, L.
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 Head, G.
 Hunter, R. F.
 Ingold, R. M.
 Keay, E. J.
 Keir, D. F.
 Lawn, D. V.
 Maslin, J. K.
 Moore, K. W. R.
 McConchie, J. P.
 Norrish, E.
 Nuttall, R. G.
 Pearce, N. F.
 Reed, E. R. W.
 Reid, C. W.
 Shirlaw, K. W.
 Smith, C. C.
 Thompson, J.
 Trent, I. H.
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 Wass, N.
 Wyles, H. L. M.



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Canterbury Celebrates

As Canterbury's Centennial Year draws to a close, you are reminded of the two great exhibitions which have been open in the Museum and the MacDougall Art Gallery, during the Celebrations.

EARLY COLONISTS' DISPLAY open August, 1950 to May, 1951. The life of the Canterbury Colonists is reconstructed by means of period rooms and diorama settings. Commencing with FitzGerald's cabin on the *Charlotte Jane*, the exhibit continues through a V-hut and five rooms of the 1850-60 period, to a drawing room of the 'nineties (each decorated and furnished and with costumed figures in period style). Other features include a mural painting (36 ft by 12 ft) depicting the voyage out, and a diorama display of the First Four Ships at Lyttelton, as at January, 1851. The display is in the Ethnological Hall at the Canterbury Museum.

LOAN ART EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTER AND OTHER PAINTINGS, including works loaned by the Tate Gallery, London, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York and well known Canterbury families. The exhibition includes contemporary paintings loaned by the British Council and an exhibition of miniatures. This is an outstanding cultural treat and well repays a visit. The exhibition in the MacDougall Art Gallery closes at the end of March.

MAY 7 to 12—EXHIBITION OF EARLY BOOKS AND HISTORY OF PRINTING depicting 100 years of printing in Canterbury as well as a Books Exhibition, provided by the British Council entitled 'The Renaissance of English Printing 1890-1940' at Canterbury College.

GENERAL INFORMATION FOR CENTENNIAL VISITORS

AN INFORMATION BUREAU is open in Cathedral Square, Telephone 32-768, where information on Centennial Events, Places of Interest, Transport, Daily Happenings, Programmes, Time-tables, et cetera, may be obtained.

THE CENTENNIAL RECORD. Subscriptions are now open for copies of this, a complete illustrated record of the Canterbury Centennial. Limited to subscribers only. Price 25s. a copy. Special bindings extra.

THE ACCOMMODATION BUREAU will answer all your enquiries about ACCOMMODATION in Hotels, licensed or private, Boarding Houses, Private Homes, Motor Camps.

CENTENNIAL MEDALS—A limited number of medals is available for sale at the Information Bureau, or may be obtained on application to the Centennial Association, P.O. Box 237, Christchurch. Silver two-inch Medal £3 3s. 0d. Bronze two-inch medal 12s. 6d. Gilt one-and-a quarter inch 2s. 6d.

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CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS, 194 MANCHESTER STREET, CHRISTCHURCH, C.1

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COMING MUSICAL EVENTS

THE CENTENNIAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

CONDUCTED BY MICHAEL BOWLES IN KING EDWARD BARRACKS
AND ACCOMPANIED BY THE N.Z.B.S. NATIONAL ORCHESTRA

- March 10th* Christchurch Harmonic Society Inc. with the National Orchestra presents THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS (Elgar).
- March 13th* Royal Christchurch Musical Society Inc. with the National Orchestra presents:
A STRONGHOLD SURE (Bach)
SONG OF DESTINY (Brahms)
BLEST PAIR OF SIRENS (Parry)
SYMPHONY No. IX IN D MINOR (Beethoven)
(The Choral Symphony).
- March 15th* Combined Choirs of the Secondary and Technical Colleges with the National Orchestra present A FESTIVAL OF CHORAL MUSIC.
- March 17th* Combined Choirs of the Royal Christchurch Music Society (1860), Christchurch Liedertafel (1885), Christchurch Male Voice Choir (1917), Christchurch Harmonic Society (1927), Christchurch Liederkränzchen (1934), Christchurch Orpheus Choir (1936) with the National Orchestra present:
MESSIAH (Handel).
- March 19th* In *Civic Theatre* the Christchurch Liederkränzchen, The Christchurch Orpheus Choir, the Christchurch Liedertafel and the Christchurch Male Voice Choir present a—
FESTIVAL OF PART SONG.
- March 21st* The Griller String Quartet in the Radiant Theatre.
- April 12th* Methodist Musical Festival.
- May 5th to 19th* Christchurch Competition Society's Festival.
- July 7th* Royal Christchurch Musical Society presents:
CENTENNIAL ODE:
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY (Thomas Wood)
Both works are being presented for the first time in New Zealand.
- July 21st* Christchurch Harmonic Society presents a Concert of Miscellaneous Works.
- October* Christchurch Harmonic Society presents:
ISRAEL IN EGYPT.